cosmically charged divine mission

P H O T O R O M A N I

This narrative structure is made of the first “roll of film” taken with the
camera that would go on to hijack the Image Reality in
the ANCIENT THEORIES OF THE FUTURE, the sci-if, film noir
I’m seen making in the tv show NEW VAGUE CITY.

Here I am.. holding the very machine.. everything Kubrick had wished for while making Barry Lyndon. It films in moonlight, candlelight, and near darkness. When I looked through the viewfinder I got zapped in eye by its resolution; my dreams got upgraded to a more vivid texture. I knew then and there that I was holding the very writing device that would be the single most important camera in history. The one that would hijack and destroy the Image Reality.

In that period - the winter-spring of 2016 - I was pretty much living here, at this club. Having just returned from my annual European outing, I had nowhere to go besides my original hang where I had my sortie in NY. Nublu is located on 62 Avenue C, between 4th and 5th in Alphabet City, East Village, Lower East Side.. no matter how you peel it what you find inside was the heartiest soup of New York City. A place of congregation for music lovers, weirdos and desperados, punters and posers, thrill seekers and led-astrays, the cool and the beautiful, and of course, the legends.

I was lucky enough to be there before the magic spell of its fame began to chime, even before it was open. There I was painting the place, inflating its see-through beachball seats, and counting the glasses as its first and sole employee. How did I find myself manning the ship that would sail a long and glorious voyage to uphold the independent music scene in an increasingly gentrified, decimated post-911 downtown? Surely by destiny and a simple call to say hello to the propriotor saxophonist Ilhan Erşahin.

“Ilhan, hello? I got your number from Göktuğ at Miramax, I am a friend of his photographer brother Gökay from Istanbul. I come from London, I am a musician.” That was it. Ilhan, being so open, said “Cool yeah, come down to the studio in midtown, I am making a record.”

Temple of Sound was probably on W24th street around the corner from the sex shop on 6th Ave. In the spring of 2002, there wasn’t the ‘G of Gentrification’ on the horizon. Seedy and gritty, midtown was the Gotham you’d expect where deep shadows cut avenues lit by Times Sq. The 80s were still alive in some storefronts and hairstyles on people’s heads.

Ilhan was making the first Love Trio record, the theme music of Nublu, cutting and pasting snippets when I walked in. Within minutes the vibe had swept me to the first true impression I got of New York City.

It was coming through the speakers and the banter of Kenny (Wollesen) and Ilhan - neither were from NY, and yet their union was NYC. Steeped in smiles, I bonded with Ilhan, he was the dream-older-brother I never had. When I played him the collages I was making for my lo-fi poetry album, Unmaking of a Film, he recognised me as an artist. The first person to verify as such.

This meeting was going to change my life..

In my development from a green-go to one of the (cater)pillars of the NY Underground, Ilhan’s influence on me would grow over the years as my wiser, yet crazy brother. He was to be a great mentor, an avid supporter. His master stroke was the creation of Nublu; an extension of himself that brought people together. If I turned into a rebellious butterfly, Nublu was my cocoon.

One day, at the studio, Ilhan pointed the gun of fate and asked me “You want a job? I am opening a club.”

Next thing I remember is walking into the space that had previously been a bakery and a dance studio. It was naked, nothing but a freshly built bar stood.

We rolled up our sleeves and started painting. Extraordinarily, the door opened and the first absolute legend walked in, elated to see the progress. It was Butch (Morris), a jazz pioneer who created structural improvisations with his very own language of conduction.

THE FIRST CONDITION:

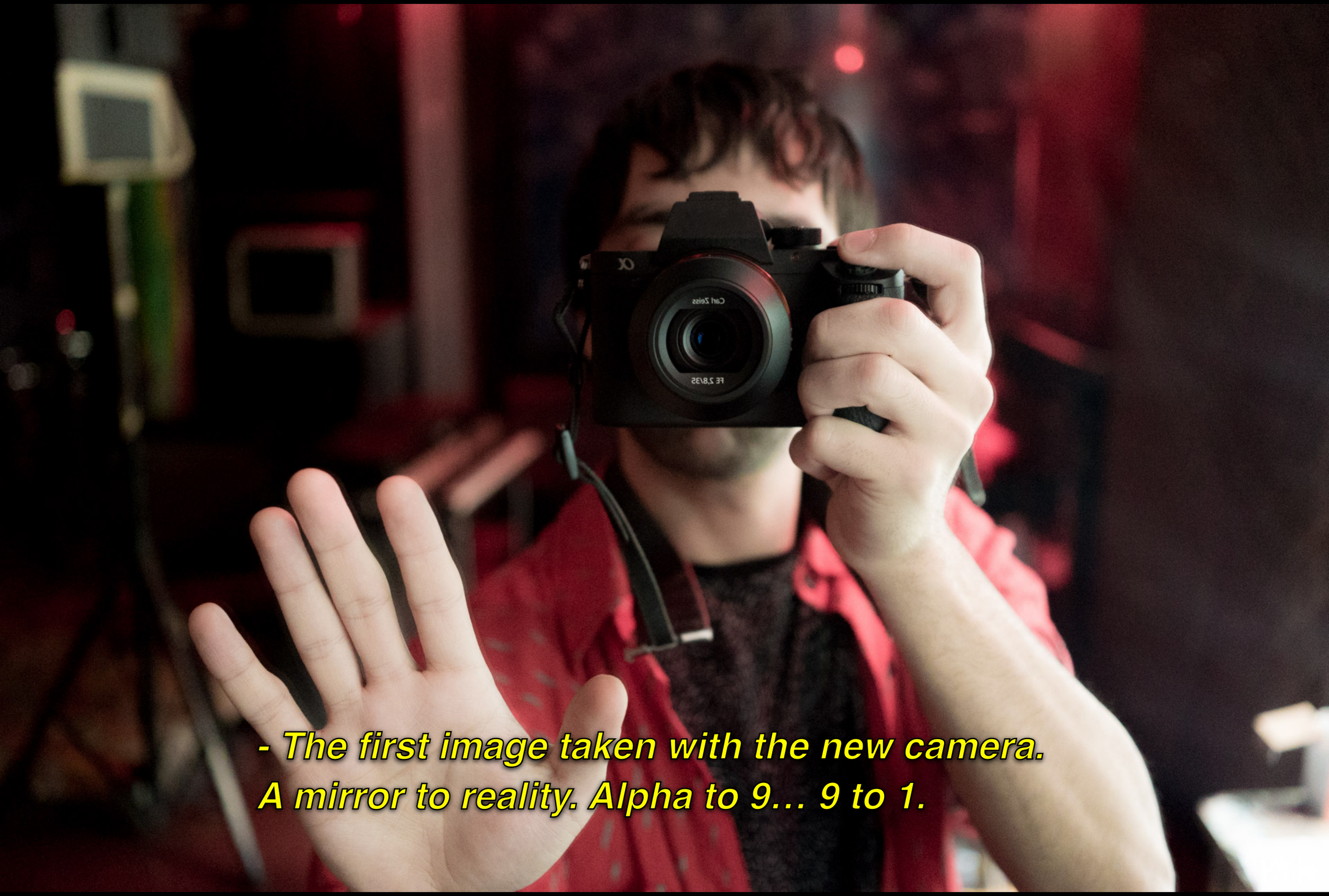
Whirling door wish! I was bereft of a home, a love or any prospect of procuring an audience without the palatial presentation of my work fully fleshed out in every medium of my expression. Present across film, music and literature, and not one world weaker than the other, my expression was an ascending labyrinth that required me to emerge as not a master, but as three.

My curse is that I am continuously in the creative state. Nonstop. Perhaps for avoiding fame that would have impaled my indomitable freedom as I had to transcend into my Art of Sense, my own amalgamate medium where every fragment contains the whole.That sort of grand vision doesn't come from experimentation. It comes from molecular construction. Minutes, hours, days and years of a very deliberate gathering; recording into the future. These thoughts were skipping as the asphalt in Thompkin Square Park scanned my shadow like the stylus of a scratchy record player. I had in my bag, the new camera and a 35mm lens to start the unimaginable. In the confidence of what I knew as a child, there was nothing between me and the wall upon which the veritable history encodes. In its digits, my hand is the signature of its authenticity. My hand contains it all.. III3-a9-MOTU-IMPVISPAST

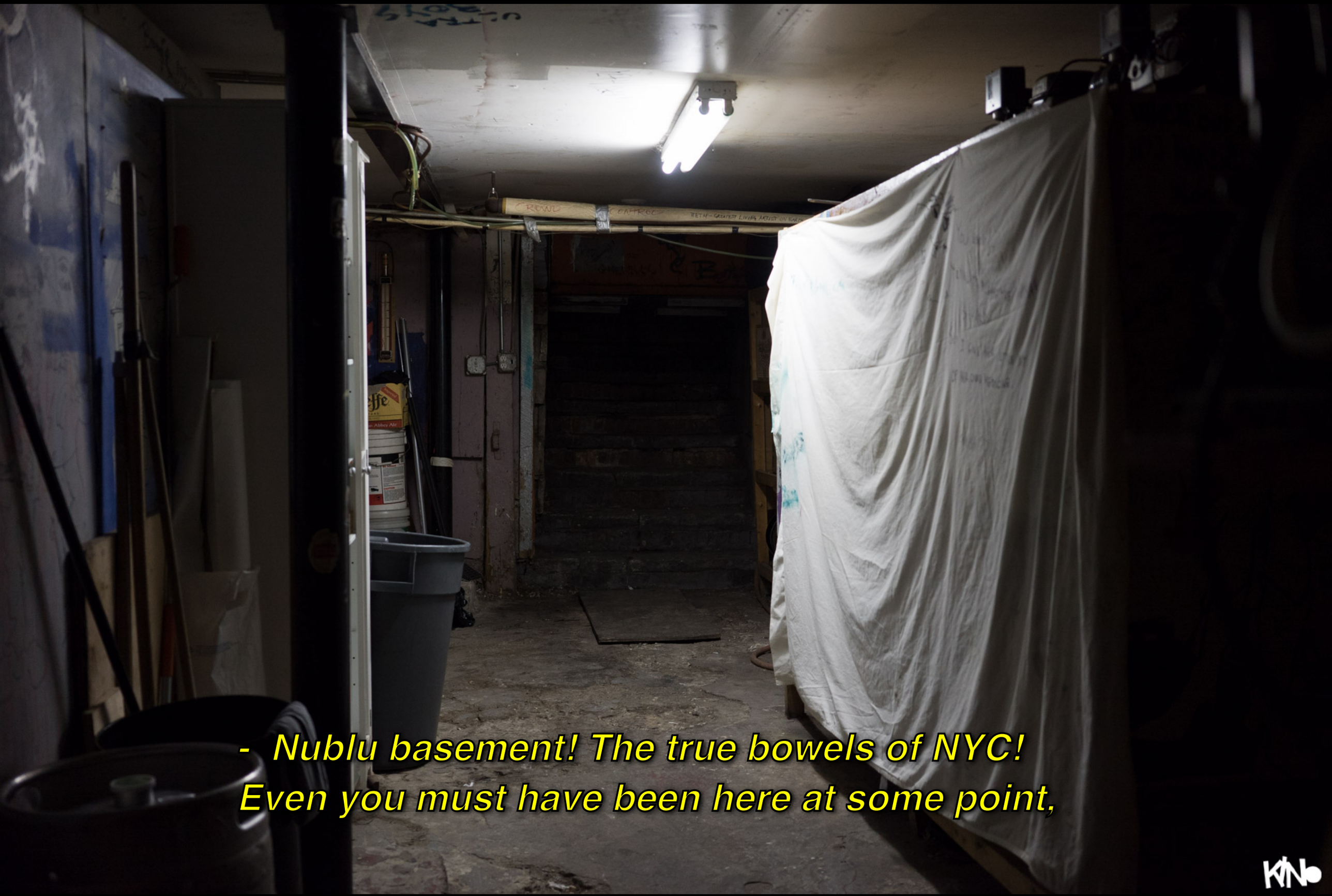
My previous camera was a 1080 Canon T2i. The machine that filmed FILM ISTANBUL, CAST A PALL OF WIN, POET OF SOUND AND IMAGE, and CROWD CONTROL TO LOSE CONTROL (all streaming on www.poetofsoundandimage.com). But most importantly, this ugly looking device made the genesis of NEW VAGUE CITY possible.

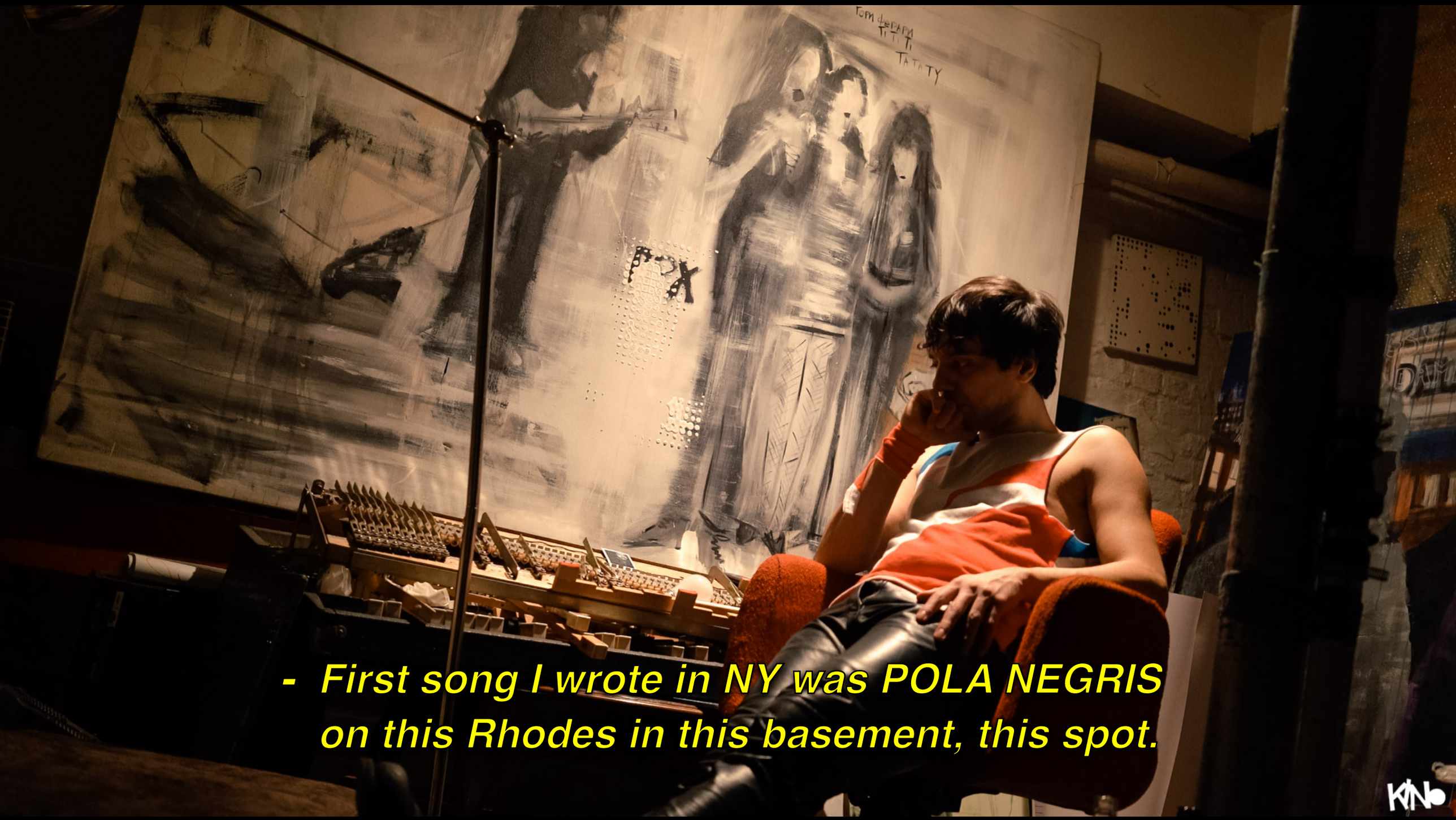
It was born in my first webseries LIVE! when I had to give New York City a nickname. By 2009, it was already turning into a new and a vague city. So, it stuck on. Contrary to some might believe, New Vague City has nothing to do with referencing the Nouvelle Vague. Vague in french means wave. Vague, in English, is the operative word of my identification of the Modern Malady that plagues the uninformed, popular culture infested people. There is not a bone of certitude in them, those who are manipulated by the money worshipping politically bi-polar, amnesiac section of the global society. Their opinions are galore riding on the latest mediated campaign. They don't possess historical context. Vaguery is their identity; microscopic and ephemeral. My natural reaction was to aim for being the arm that fires poetry with revolutionary, therefore, absolute certitude.

Because of this realistic determination, I defaulted to the forefront of liberation rather than soul sucking, elitist and equally perverse neo-liberalism.


Carl Zeiss
FE 2.8/35
- The first image taken with the new camera.
A mirror to reality. Alpha to 9... 9 to 1.

- This bar has seen stars, presidents' brats,
the CIA, moguls, gangsters, the wild bunch...


- Nublu basement! The true bowels of NYC!
Even you must have been here at some point,



Painting by Petar Timotic

- Here, in 2002, I started writing a collection
of anachronistic songs: OPERA FOR MUTES.

Imported Visions from the Past

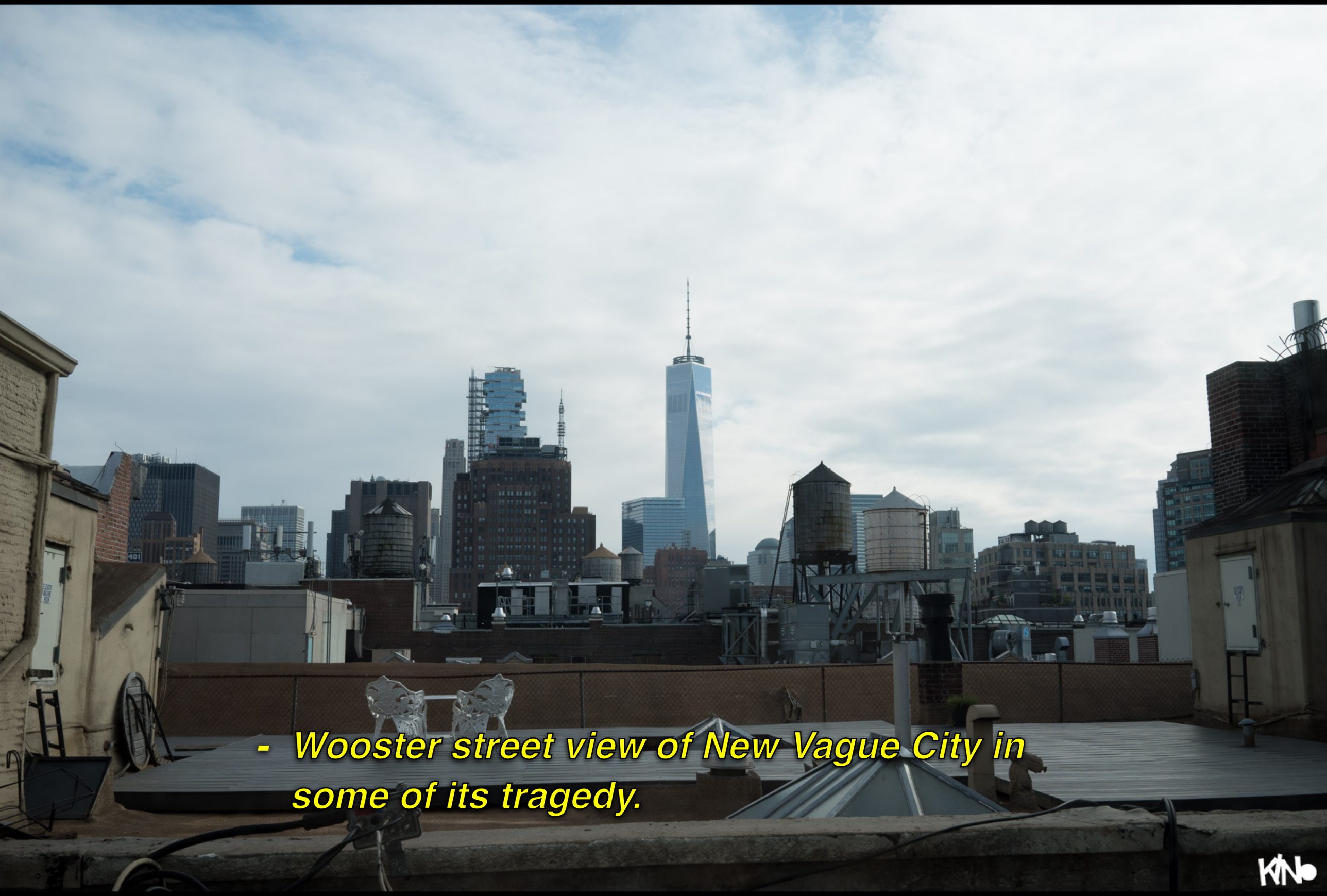
opera for Mutes

In 2002, what I started at Nublu is now in the foreground as a multidimensional spectacle that contains the last two decades of my musical life. The story had to be lived to be told in film. How I arrived in NY as the Phantom Bloke and became the Madamless Sir. He who, in 2016, stumbles across the original songs of OPERA FOR MUTES when he was looking for a direction to embark on for the creation of a masterpiece that requires a new alchemy of music, film and literature. That's what happens in the IMPORTED VISIONS FROM THE PAST, my autobiographical album with hundreds of songs. Now, starting to mount on my own domain. Click here.

THE FIRST SEQUEN-CE

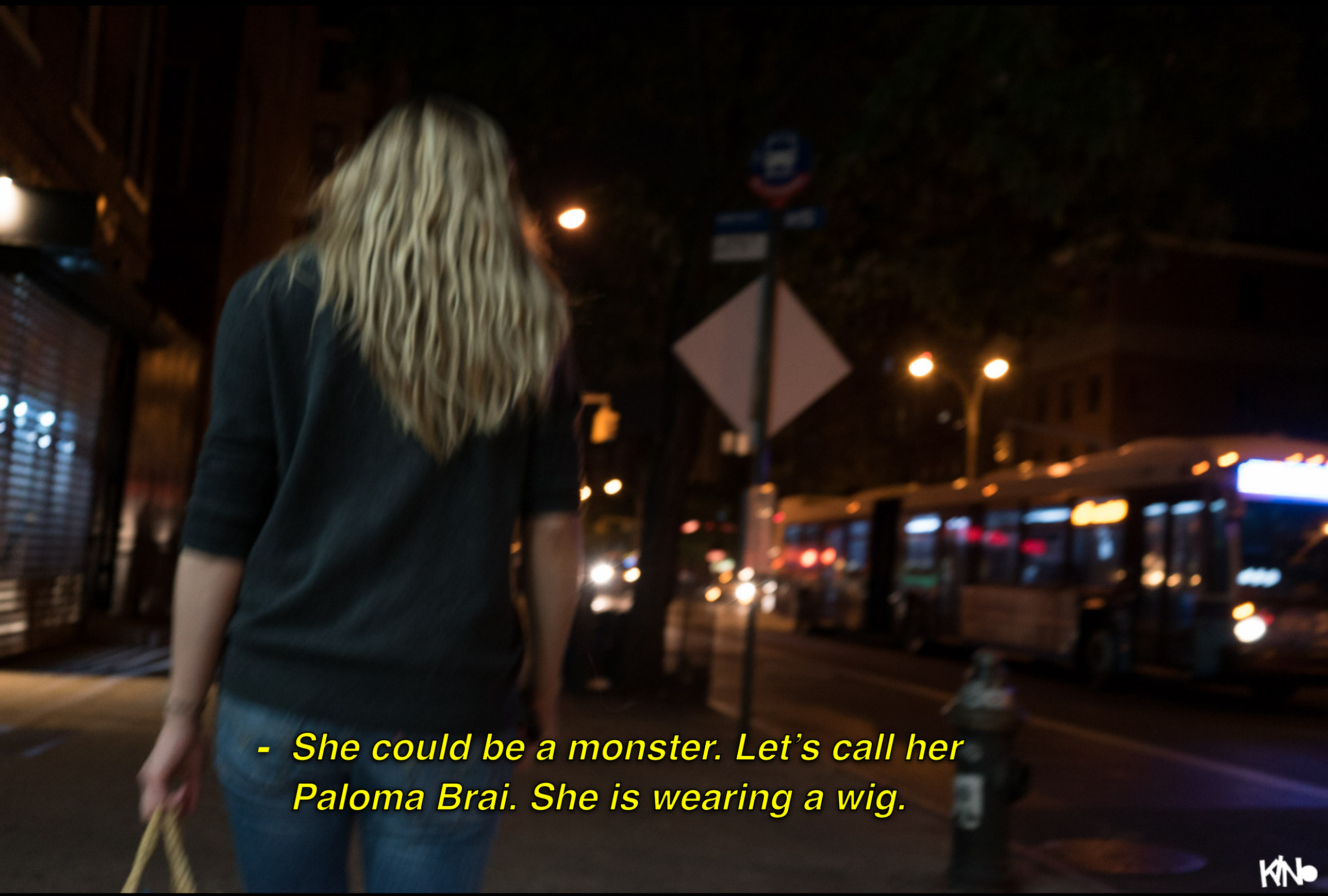
The following photographs were taken when I took the beast out for the first time. I went from Nublu to Josefina Ayerza's loft in Soho, the headquarters of the journal Lacanian Ink and the Lacanian Society in Americas. For years and years until I moved to LA, I worked for the magazine sporadically, helping Josefina with the website, editing, publishing, and technology. Josefina is one of those quintessential NY characters, most playful with everything stuffy and self-important. She is the darling of the art world as a critic who yields Lacan's psychoanalysis to the contemporary theory.

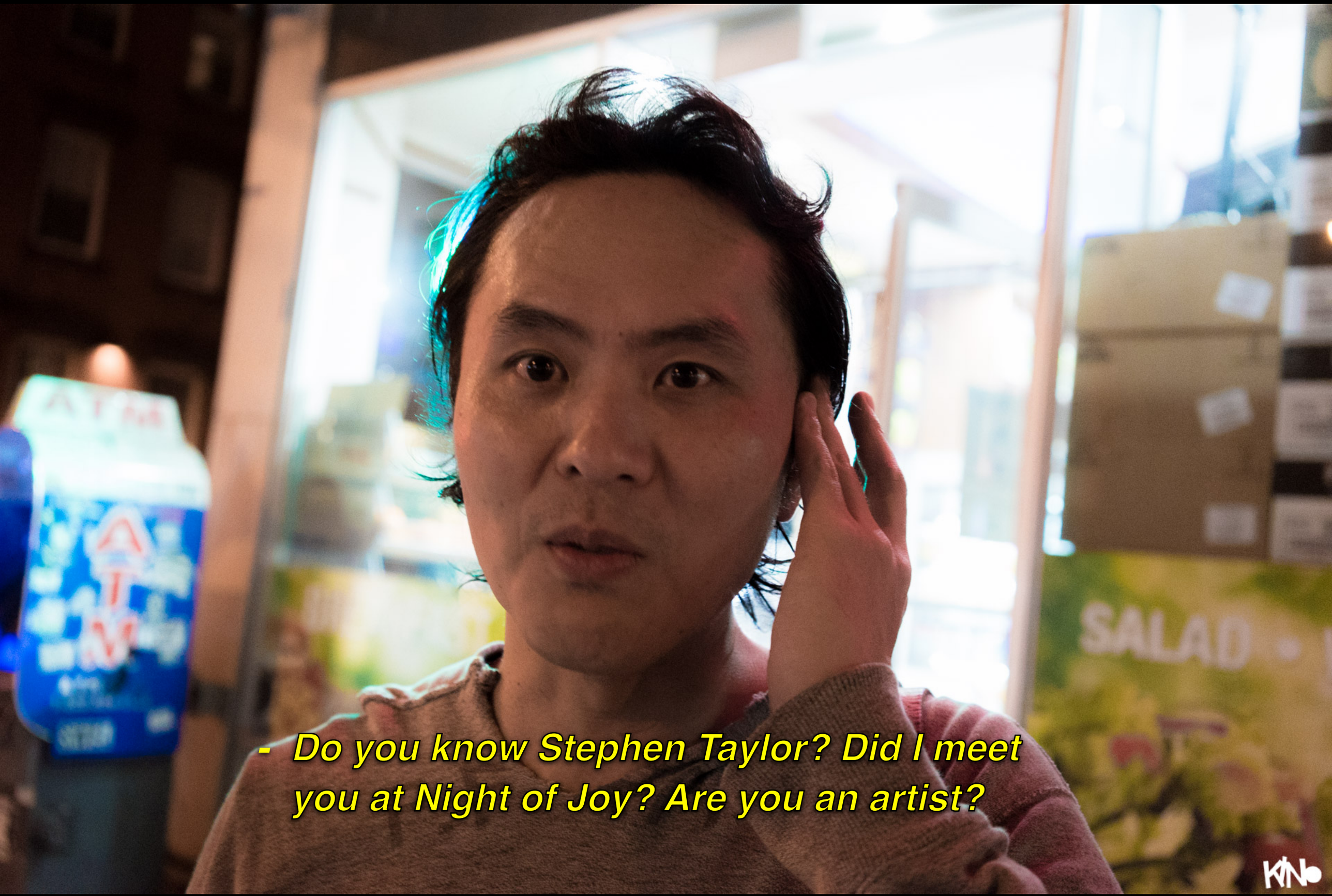
Let these photographs evoke scenes in a script that will find their place in the ANCIENT THEORIES OF THE FUTURE.

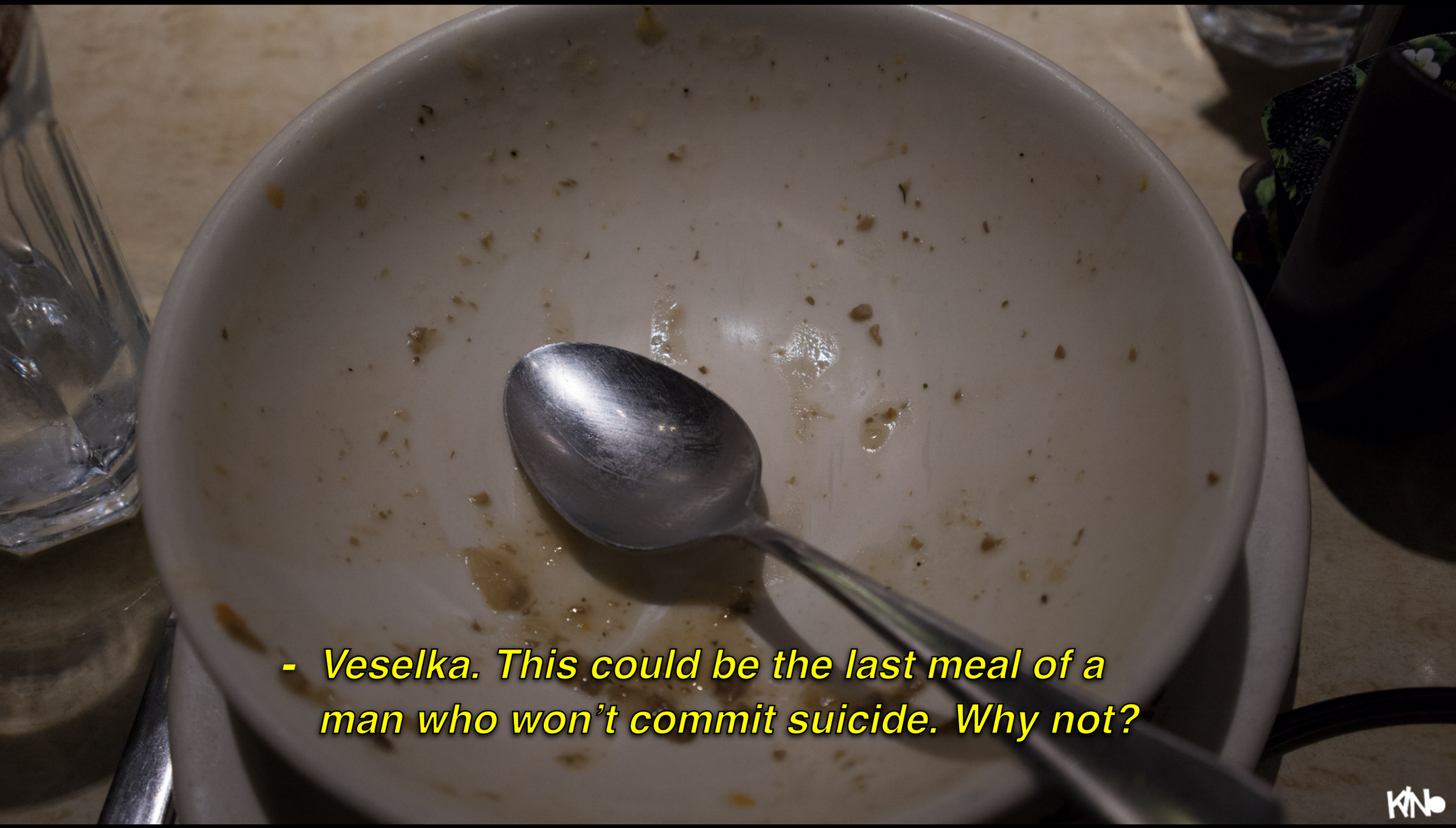

- Wooster street view of New Vague City in some of its tragedy.

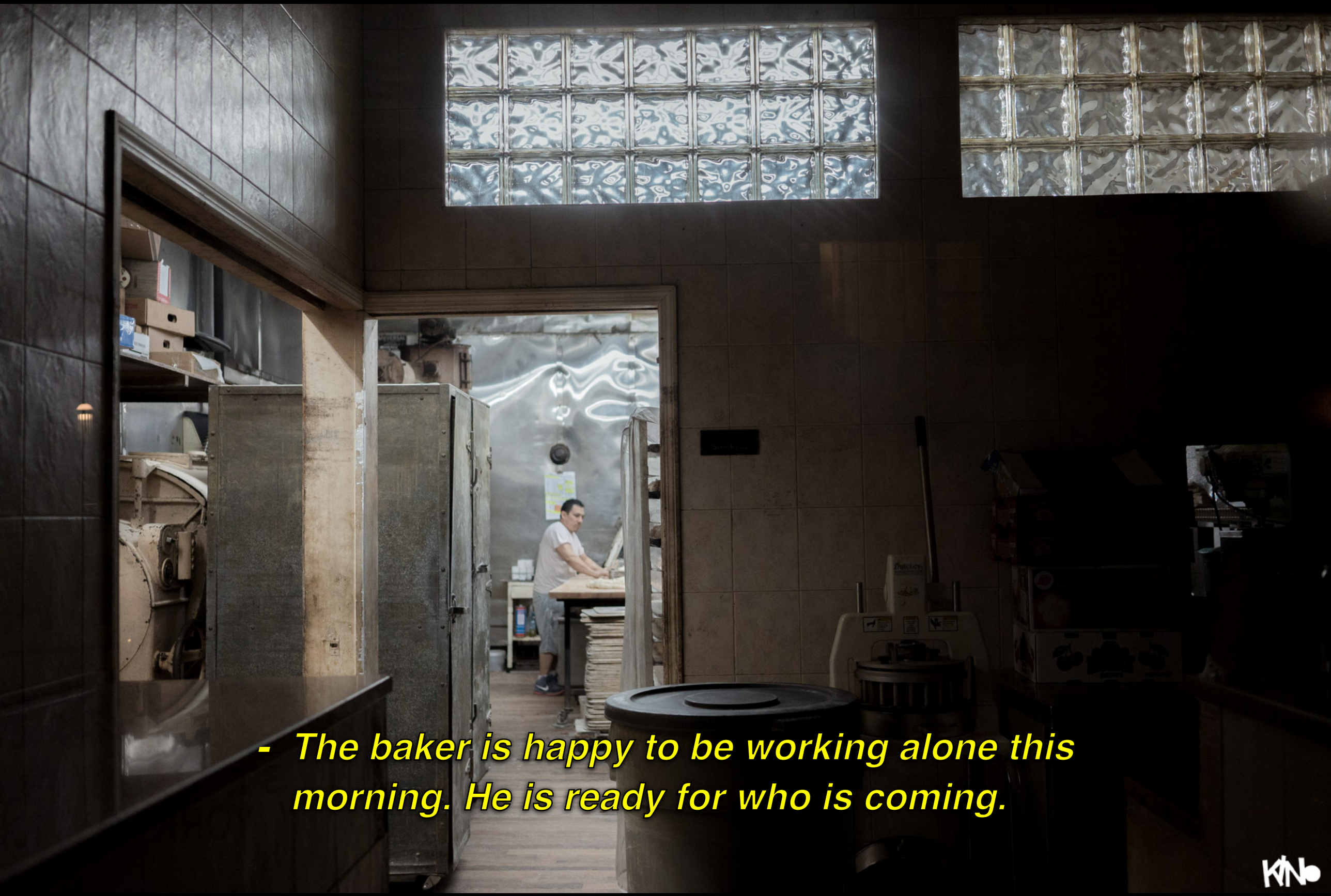
- *Let's imagine a sweaty philosopher who has an involuntary twitch and a lisp.*

- He stands here admiring the orchids but detesting Mother Mary.


- She could be a monster. Let's call her
Paloma Brai. She is wearing a wig.


- Do you know Stephen Taylor? Did I meet you at Night of Joy? Are you an artist?

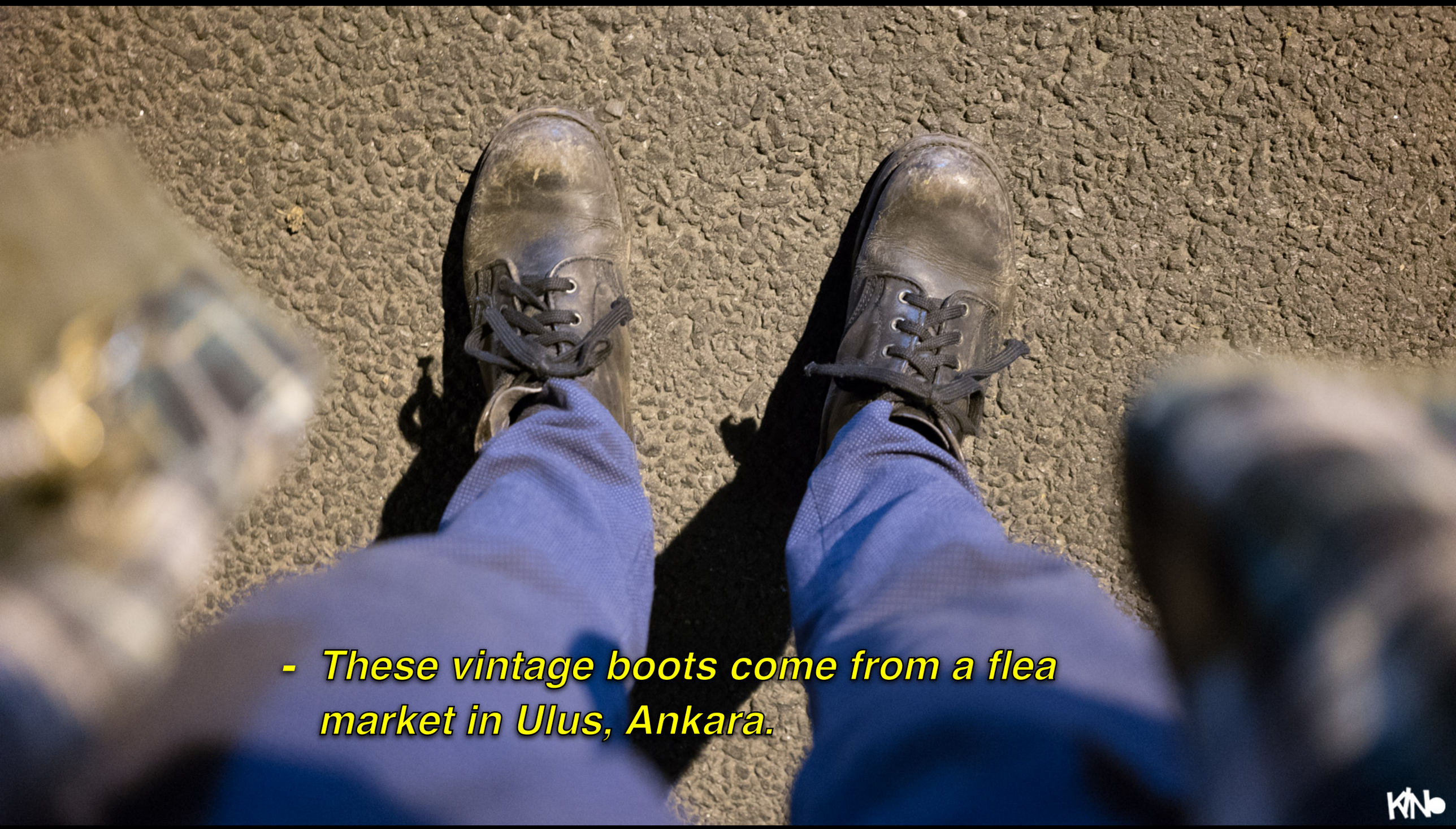

- Veselka. This could be the last meal of a
man who won't commit suicide. Why not?

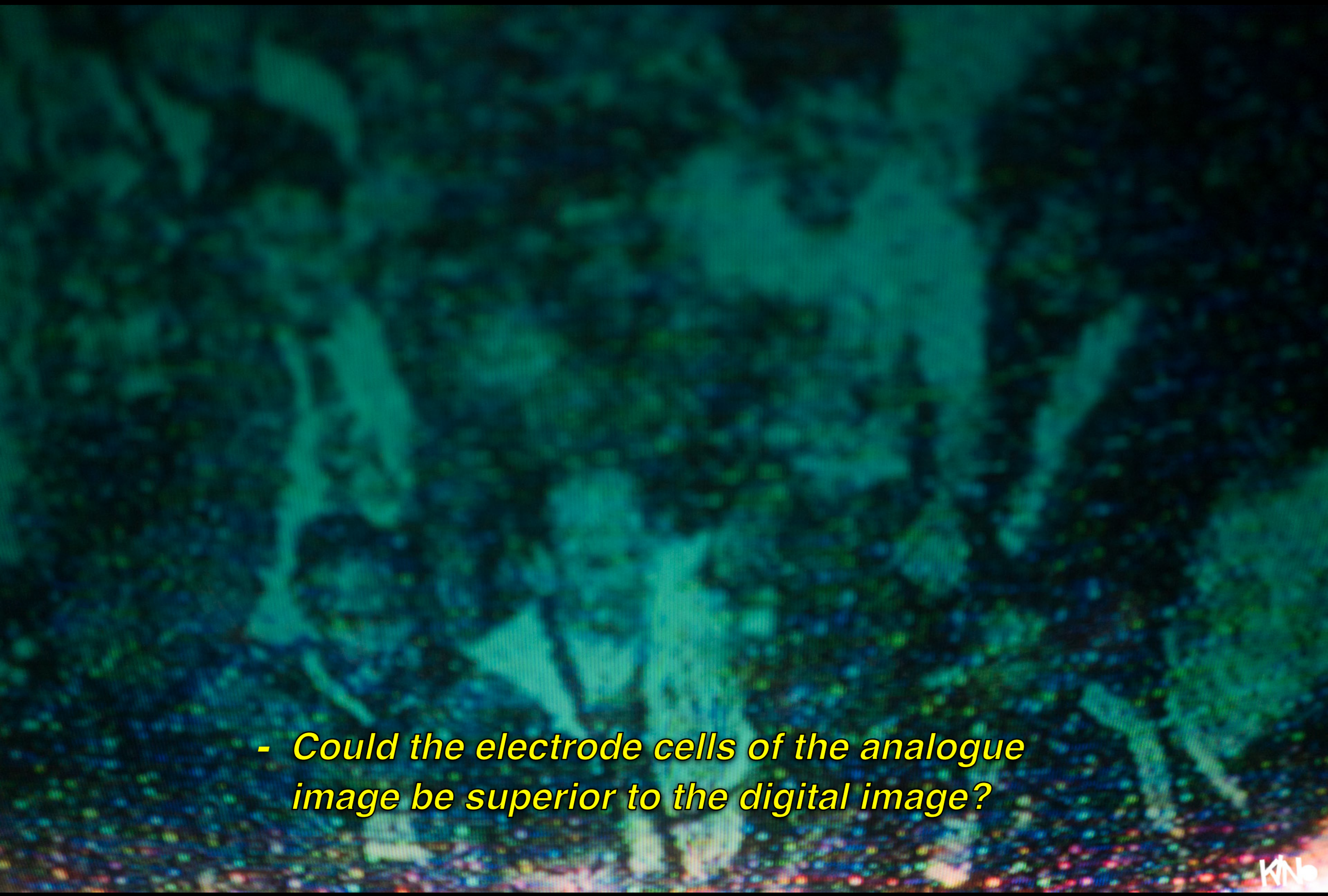

- The baker is happy to be working alone this morning. He is ready for who is coming.

- The fate of NY could depend on this wall.

- Neda is a Persian poetess. A socialist.
She writes and performs songs, paints.

- *Centrepoint. www.NewVague.City was registered here. A & 9; everything clicked!*


- These vintage boots come from a flea market in Ulus, Ankara.


- Could the electrode cells of the analogue
image be superior to the digital image?

Imported Visions from the Past

FOUNTAIN OF SPARKS

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